

Watching Watchers

Look! Will you please roll down the window? Press the button there? I know what you're doing here! We have something to talk about. Good! Thank you.

Now I've seen you with notebook and that nifty telephoto camera--wanna ask you about that beauty. Anyway we're both in the same business.

I won't tell you which of the two I'm surveilling, and expect the same of you.

What you might want to know, in addition, is that two other shamuses are on the case and might be in other parked cars. That diaper van's suspicious to say the least. The very obvious is not obvious? Anyway, one detective is even an industrial espionage guy!

He can't be after Asshole making the romantic toast over there. Though slick as owlshit, just another horny dentist. And candlelight doesn't flatter him! Grease popping out all over.

On the other hand, Pale Pretty Thing works for GE and could reveal some revolutionary ice shaving design at climax.

And there's a woman! Almost forgot. I don't know WHO she's watching. Well...yes I do, and don't have to keep the confidence. She blabs at bars. The mistress employed her.

Not the one in our field of view, sucking in oily compliments, and champagne, but another. Romeo Root Canal cheats on the mistresses also. So what else is new?

Get another grip 'cuz there could be a lesbian angle as a bonus--stop me if I'm boring you. Both mistresses, uh, know each other, and have been observed at faggot watering holes. Straights go there too, so weak evidence for the time being.

So, bi-triangle? Plenty of those. Some quartets.

But, I'm stopping. Getting dizzy in all the human complexity. Whew!

To the present! Both mates out of town, in a fortunate convergence of the stars, and our couple will snuggle under the

same comforter tonight. And shake the condo's very walls with prodigious fucking. The Painter of Light might just fall off the walls.

Anyway, a business proposition. I'll have one of my young squirts watch the apartment while the mortar grinds between the bricks, and 'd like us to meet at Leaky Larry's down at the river.

Listen! Thirty years in this business has given me a dirty mind--excuse all the past vocabulary--though I had a head start to be sure, what with the seminary, army, and police force before I hung out my shingle.

And the sem is not a joke. In the interest of full disclosure!

I'll get the others to Larry's too--got their cell numbers through a buddy--and let's work out a schedule that's more efficient. May be impossible, since one of us could slant any report to our individual client.

But we at least could keep it to two operatives at any one time, each representing one of the parties. That may not work either. Where would we put industrial espionage guy? He's not interested in screwing around, except corporate. Big-Time only!

Well, let's talk about it later, and around it, not revealing what we shouldn't, and at the end of the night, reading between the lines, I bet we can agree on a labor-saving schedule.

Nice to have seen you up close. I think we're involved in a record here. Two cheaters and five watchers! At any rate, my treat tonight. Got helluva expense account, no shit.